

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleffe Richard was murdered traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

Salisb. But William of Hatfield dyed without an
Heire.

Torke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I claime the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,

Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;

Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Salisb. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd claime vnto the Crowne,

And but for Owen Glendour, had bene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed,

But, to the rest.

Torke. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,

Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,

Who was to Edmond Langley,

Edward the thirde fift Sonnes Sonne;

By her I claime the Kingdome:

She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,

Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,

Who married Phillip, sole Daughter

Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne

Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry doth claime the Crowne from John of Gaunt,

The fourth Sonne, Yorke claimes it from the third:

Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,

And in thy Sonnes, faire shippes of such a Stock,

Then Father Salisburi, kneele we together,

And in this private Plot be we the first,

That shall salure our rightfull Soueraigne

With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands

King.

Torke. We thanke you Lords:

But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,

And that my Sword be stayn'd

With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,

Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,

At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they haue snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,

That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:

'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,

Shall finde their deaths, if Torke can prophetic.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde

at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Torke. And Nell, this I doe assure my selfe,

Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick

The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,

Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,

Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.

You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;

From thence, vnto the place of Execution:

The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.

You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,

Deiroyed of your Honor in your Life,

Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,

Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,

With Sir John Stanley, in the Ile of Man.

Eleanor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my

Death.

Gloster. Eleanor, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,

I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:

Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.

Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground,

I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;

Sorrow would foliace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,

Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,

Henry will to him selfe Protector be,

And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,

And Lanthorne to my feete:

And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,

Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeres

Should be to be protected like a Child,

God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:

Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:

As willingly doe I the same resigne,

As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;

And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,

As others would ambitiously receiue it.

Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,

May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,

And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,

That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;

His Lady banish'd, and a Limbe lopt off.

This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this loslie Pyne, & hangs his sprays,

Thus Eleanor, Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Torke. Lords, let him goe, please it your Maiestie,

This is the day appointed for the Combat,

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,

The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,

So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore

Lest I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,

Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Torke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,

Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,

The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a
Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe
well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere
Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,
and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a-
fraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,
Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this

World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;

and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom,
take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray

God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
hath learnt so much fence already.

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salisb. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master
well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
my Mans infigation, to proue him a Knaue; and my selfe
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will

take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a
downe-right blow.

Torke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarm to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-
son.

Torke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,

And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in
Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore succeeds

Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet,

Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my punish'd Duchesse:

Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,

With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prou'd Chariot-Wheelles,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare

My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper
burning in her hand, with the Sherife
and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'll take her from the
Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe
by.

Eleanor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,

See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,

And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloster. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Eleanor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe:
For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife,

And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,

May'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce

To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fer groanes.
The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,

And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduised how I treade.

Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoake?
Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,

Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.

To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfrees Wife,

And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,

As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock

To euery idle Rascall follower.
But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,

Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.

For Suffolke, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,

And Torke, and impious Beauford, that false Priest,
Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,

And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,

Nor neuer seeke prevention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah Nell, forbear: thou aymeest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attained:

And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.

Wouldst thou haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

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Why